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OMIAH's FAREWELL;

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If CUPID *thou wert ever prone to pleaſe,*
O bear this letter o'er the roaring ſeas;
O kindly take an Indian's warm commands,
And give them to thy Beauty's ſofteſt hands;
CUPID *fulfill this taſk of courteſy,*
And reign the God of my Idolatry!
For the fair maidens of the Britiſh coaſt,
Are all your glory and OMIAH'S *boaſt.*

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PREFACE.

WHEN we conſider the great civilities which have been ſhown to OMIAH, the native of *Otaheitée*, it is no longer a ſurprize that he ſhould leave ſuch a ſituation with regret, as the firſt perſonages of this kingdom were aſſiduous to do him favours. But OMIAH, like the *Duenna*, became a very favourite with the public, and people contended who could ſee them moſt, not for their intrinſic merits, but to ſurpaſs each other in an extravagant abſurdity; and ſince this exotic hath drawn ſome attention, a few anecdotes of the courteous Indian may not be diſpleaſing.

OMIAH is a native of a ſmall iſland weſt of Otaheitée, an Indian of a low deſcent, and not of the order of prieſthood, as hath been erroneouſly repreſented. When he firſt propoſed his voyage to Europe, the ſcheme was not immediately approved by OBEREA, his Queen; but the ſolicitations of her favorite voyagers ſoon over-ruled ſuch prejudices and objections, and he followed the fortunes of TOPIAH, who died on his paſſage to England. OMIAH is twenty-three, and about five feet nine, of a dark copper colour complexion, with long black hair; he is well made, but his legs are of that particular bowed make peculiar to all the natives of Guinea; his addreſs is uncommonly courteous and polite, and even carries with it

the air of ſome breeding. His parts are but dull, for though he has been a long time in England, he can ſcarce ſpeak the language to be underſtood, only uttering incoherent words, which do not convey his ideas. He can give but little account of his own country, and I fear that he will be very unable to deſcribe this in any degree what it is like; for the words of the *Otaheitée* language are few, and the animals of the quadruped kind but two, hogs and dogs; ſo that if he was deſirous of informing them, that the people of this land ride in a coach and ſix, he would ſay, *that they travel in houſes drawn by ſix hogs*. The Chineſe man brought over by Captain BLAKE, was in mental ability a *Confucius* to him, and in very good Engliſh he would relate the cuſtoms and produce of *China* in an informing and moſt pleaſing manner. However, it is not our buſineſs to make compariſons, but we may lament, that the attention ſhown this Indian, has not been of the true benevolent ſort; for inſtead of dreſſing him out in a bag and ſword, and leading him forth to all public ſpectacles, it would have been an act of the moſt humane nature, to have inſtructed him in ſuch things as might have rendered him uſeful to his uninformed fellow creatures upon his return: and when we conſider the injuſtice done to theſe innocent mortals in a ſimple ſtate of nature, by introducing ſome dreadful diſeaſes among them, our attention ſhould have led us to have inſtructed him to be a ſervice to them in ſuch deplorable ſituations.

A man of ſo docile a diſpoſition as OMIAH poſſeſſes, would have been better pleaſed with ſuch informations, than by laviſhing many hundreds yearly in ſupporting him in pleaſures no ways calculated for the entertainment of his mind.

The novelty of his figure drew much attention upon him, and more particularly from the women of quality, for with many of them

them he was intimate and familiar. Is it not cruel that ſuch generous politeneſs to a ſtranger ſhould have ſuch illiberal inſinuations put upon it; but ſcandal will be predominant, if a dove and a raven of the blackeſt hue publicly appear together, nor will it loſe its circulation, while the horn of the News-Poſt can blaſt it abroad. I have a higher opinion of my fair countrywomen, than to think they would be ſo condeſcending, and yet philoſophy cannot reconcile the depravity of female inclinations.

MOSES hath long ago told us of Mrs. EVE's paſſion for variety, in giving a preference to a deviliſh negro, before the godlike gentleman Mr. ADAM; but I do not believe the patriarch in a ſtory, that does ſo much diſhonour to the female ſex. I am rather inclined to think, that he has clouded the fact too highly with Oriental allegory, and modern divines ſince, in attempts to expound and give new expoſitions, have like ſilk-worms as they worked, but clouded themſelves the more. When we recollect the circumſtance happened one thouſand years before MOSES told it to his people---it is very probable in a narrative of ſo long a date, that an old Gentleman's memory might be treacherous and fail him. OMIAH's introduction to Court was by Lord S*******, who has always honoured him with a peculiar attention, and carried him over the moſt pleaſing parts of the kingdom: OMIAH in return, has not been ungrateful in his particular attentions to his Lordſhip's family. There are various little anecdotes related of him at H**********, but as trivial as poſſible, and unworthy a repetition; his animal powers were his beſt, and thoſe he uſed with freedom and ſucceſs: when we conſider that his Majeſty ſpeaks of his circumnavigators, and their diſcoveries, as the firſt ornaments of his reign, it is not to be doubted but ſo rare a human exotic in his native dreſs would attract the eyes and attention of the Britiſh Sovereign,

reign, eſpecially when we recollect of late how eminently ſuch triflers have been diſtinguiſhed at St. James's.

OMIAH is now returning to his native iſle, fraught by royal order with ſquibs, crackers, and a various aſſortment of fireworks, to ſhow to the wild untutored Indian the great ſuperiority of an enlightened Chriſtian prince. Hence he departs melancholy and dejected, the tranſition muſt be forcible and ſtriking; here he is honoured with the ſmiles and favours of red and white goddeſſes, and from their arms daſhed at once to be a naked fiſherman. Though his clime is fertile and healthful, and the women beautiful and numerous, yet he cannot reſign this paradiſe of earth without ſhowing the keeneſt and ſevereſt emotions.

A Scotſman is the only creature that can return to a barren ſoil of ugly women, and leave plenty and beauty behind, by giving a preference to his own land of cakes; but OMIAH has a natural ſenſe, that can more rationally diſtinguiſh the beauty of new objects, beyond the diſcernment of a lettered Scot. It is very extraordinary, but there are no ſavages ſo vagrant as thoſe of the NORTH.

OMIAH's FAREWELL.

THIS, on thy roſy Pinions, Cupid bear,
To the ſoft hands of Lady ****** fair;
To her white hands theſe plaintive ſtrains I ſend,
The beauteous Chriſtian, and the Indian's friend:
To her chaſte boſom I confide my flame,
And with an ****** leave OMIAH's fame.

Farewell, ſweet Dame, with whom the roſes blow,
And lillies fairer than the faireſt ſnow:

Oft' have I gaz'd with raptures on thy face,
Admir'd thy majeſty---ador'd thy grace,
And from thy cherry lips inſtructions took,
Beyond the learning of the wiſeſt book:
Extatic liſt'ned to the lays you've ſung,
While angels envied thy melodious tongue.
Oft' have I wonder'd at thy plumed head,
And all the art of painting white and red:
Oft' have I gaz'd, and wiſh'd with ardour too,
To paint my ſkin, and only look like you:
Oft' have I tried, but ev'ry art was vain,
No colours hid my dark Numidian ſtain.
Oft' have I cenſur'd too the ſavage race,
To daub ignoble parts---nor mend the face:
Oft' have I curs'd each Indian Beauty too,
Who could adorn---what never came to view:

Uſe all her ſkill in painting of a part,
That ne'er could move the feelings of the heart:
O could I bear thine Art acroſs the Main,
I'd find a welcome with my Queen * again:
On her brown cheek the bluſhing Roſe ſhould blow,
And her tann'd neck appear more white than ſnow.
Is it not ſtrange, the Ladies of my ſhore,
Whom Heaven favours, and whom you adore---
That they ſhould uſe their paints with ſuch diſgrace,
And give the tail, what they deny the face?
How cuſtoms vary, yet how like each kind,
The Man, the Monkey, differ but in mind.
Some black † their teeth---ſome make them ivory white,
Noſes ‡ and ears bear gold and diamonds bright.

* Oberea.

† The people of Pegu black the whiteſt teeth.

‡ The natives of Bengal wear rings in their noſes.

Here

Here painted faces bloom on ev'ry Strum,
In Otaheitée---we tattow the Bum.
But ſuch a cuſtom ſhall no more appear,
Such charms in future ſhall not grace the Rear.
The blooming cheek ſhall now with all prevail,
No future Beauty ſhall tattow her tail.

Well may OMIAH with regret depart,
Well may he ſhow the feelings of his heart,
Well may he prove the weakneſs of his mind,
But who is brave that leaves his heart behind?
Let mighty Chriſtians with far greater ſouls,
Who leave ſuch Beauties to explore the Poles,
Let them with all their reaſon ſeek the ſeas,
Nor own that Beauty charms, or Angels pleaſe:
I boaſt no Lights from a ſuperior Heav'n,
Or wond'rous Lore by Education giv'n:

Untutor'd,

Untutor'd, wild, unletter'd, I proclaim
Myſelf an Indian---not the ſlave of Fame;
The ſlave of Love---no other God I own,
No other God is to OMIAH known.

Thou God of Love, of my ſweet, ſunny clime,
Who teacheſt human nature acts ſublime,
Who lift'ſt our minds to great advent'rous deeds,
And draw'ſt ſweet ſounds through unharmonious Reeds,
Who warm'd TEPANA's breaſt with love for me,
And bade her weep---when I explor'd the Sea!
O Love Almighty! take thy Indian's part,
And rule with gentle ſway fair ****** heart.
Alas farewell---ye Beauties all adieu,
The ſails are full which wing me hence from you.
O cruel Canvaſs---O obdurate gales,
To ſwell the boſoms of the anxious ſails;

Where is the God of Otaheitée's iſle?
O on OMIAH deign one courteous ſmile!
Nor ſnatch him thus from all that's good and fair,
But make the ſlave of love your watchful care!
Here let me run the golden ſand of life,
Free from all hoſtile broils and civil ſtrife,
Free from the rage of BOLOBOLA's † ſlaves,
Of wounds unpitied---and untimely graves.
The wound of love with rapture I endure,
I ſeek the dart---nor ever court the cure.
Let me the target of his rage remain,
Here let him ſhoot---and ſtring his bow again.
Oft' LADY ******* haſt thou promiſe made,
To ſleep with me beneath the *Bread-tree's* ſhade,

† An iſland not far diſtant from Otaheitée, famous for a more warlike race of Indians, who indiſcriminately plunder the other iſles, and put them under contributions.

For

For brighter ſuns, to leave this clouded ſky,
And with OMIAH ſhare Eternity.
For thee, her ſtores ſhall *Otaheitée* pour,
And VENUS guide each gay, delicious hour;
Our ſwarthy maids ſhall to the *noſepipes* * move,
For thee the *Areoy* † ſhall glow with love:
To ſweeter notes new birds ſhall jocund ſing,
And Indian Virgins rareſt noſegays bring.
O would'ſt thou dare with me the daſhing wave,
I, like another JUPITER, would brave
The multifarious horrors of the main,
And beat the *Bull-God* ‡ in his voy'ge to Spain.
Thou than EUROPA fairer in each limb,
Should'ſt like a Goddeſs on OMIAH ſwim!

* The Indians of Otaheitée blow a flute with the wind of the noſe.
† Areoy, a place or coterie of general intrigue.
‡ Jupiter bore away Europa in the form of a bull.

O beauteous

O beauteous dame propitious hear my pray'r,
I'll ſwim with thee to climes without a care:
Come to my arms thou ever charming Belle,
An Indian PHOLEY may delight as well.
Pholeys † are not peculiar to thy clime,
We boaſt of other *Pholeys* more ſublime:
O could I ſpend with thee my laſt dear breath,
How Heav'n I'd thank for ſuch a rapt'rous death!
Thou Chriſtian God---for thou art call'd more kind,
Thou rul'ſt the thunder---and direct'ſt the wind!
O hear a poor untutor'd Indian's vow,
And make her ſtoop to one thou'ſt made ſo low;

† *Pholey*, is an Indian word of very expreſſive and ancient authority. It is uſed by the Africans to denote a piece of ground of many acres for the feeding of their cattle, on which they erect huts, and fence it in to keep off the wild beaſts. When the cattle have eat it bare, they move to another convenient ſpot, and make the ſame erections and incloſures, which in general are circular.

Or elſe abate my more than am'rous fires,
Which riſe in tumult as this Saint inſpires.
To ev'ry angel of the Britiſh coaſt,
OMIAH drinks, and makes their charms his toaſt.
To Lady C***** firſt the glaſs he quaffs,
While o'er the roſy wine her CUPID laughs;
To her he pledges conſtancy and truth,
Not with the coldneſs of the *Gallick youth*.

To beauteous B******, and the courteous C***,
His warmeſt, chaſteſt, faireſt thanks are due:
Be yours gay days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure,
And joys Elyſian, flowing without meaſure.

Ah beauteous B****** how ſhall I define,
Thy many virtues o'er the roſy wine:
How, in two lines can I ſuch merits hit,
The charms of beauty and the fire of wit.

To thee my lovely T******* I *devote*,
Each wiſh that may inſpire a virtuous thought.
What pureſt love can feel, with thee ſhall live,
And all that ſenſibility can give.
To all the reſt I ſeize the flowing bowl,
And while I drink, VENUS---inſpire my ſoul!
Ye roſy cheeks, and cherry lips adieu,
Alas! what muſt OMIAH change for you!
White teeth, and bright blue eyes, and aubourn hair,
And ſkin, as whiteſt ermine ſoft and fair.
All theſe, alas! muſt your OMIAH leave,
While other beaux for you new Chaplets weave.
Back, back the ſails---'tis gratitude commands,
To bow to S******* ere I quit theſe lands.
Hail gallant Peer, the Neptune of this day,
Illumin'd too by a cœleſtial *Ray:*

For

May'ſt thou be raviſh'd while ſhe ſweetly ſings,
And VIRTUE ſhade thee with her ſilver wings:
May'ſt thou with HONOUR long direct the fleet,
And CUPID's * kettle drums with rapture beat!
To thee I owe my morals and my grace,
Thou great example of the human race.
To thy chaſte roof my laſt adieus I pay,
To gentle M****** and gentler W***.
May love and muſic o'er your ſouls preſide,
And mutual pleaſures flow in high ſpring tide.
Long may the Navy feel the gentle ſway,
Of gallant M******, and lovely W***.

* Lord S------- is celebrated for beating of the kettle drum.

FINIS.